

**i'll hold you in a
cold place**

wake me up - I

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i'll hold you in a cold place by tossertozier (rednoseredhair)

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Summary:

“Almost as big as my dick.”

“So,” Eddie, high and giggly, held up a thumb, “about this big, yea?”

When Eddie glanced over at Richie, flushed with amusement at his own joke, Richie was watching him. He held the joint loosely between his fingers. One of his arms was bent up behind his head. It was clear Richie was deciding his reaction before he had one. It was strange, because that didn't seem like something Richie had had the capability to do in the past. Richie kept his eyes on Eddie, half-lidded, amused, and took another slow drag of the blunt.

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Eddie had no idea what he was doing.

Doing there, yes.

Doing in general, also yes.

He was 24, finished college, and just moved to the closest possible town to Derry without living in Derry. It was called Dexter. He was living in New York since college, but it had never really felt like his town. He never felt like he belonged there.

When the offer came, a mid-level management position in a medium sized company with a better salary than what he was making and a way decreased cost of living, he took it. He swallowed his pride, and moved back to Maine.

He remembered, almost as soon as he got there, that it was way more difficult to be gay in Maine than gay in New York. His dry spell had lasted him almost a month and a half, but he never really felt like dragging himself out, either.

When he got the invitation for a friend of a friend from high school's engagement party at a bar that wasn't too out of his way, he didn't want to go.

He ended up there anyway. He wore a dark red shirt with small pink checks on it. He sat down at the bar almost immediately, regretting every decision he ever made, probably. He had mingled with the approximate two people he even remembered slightly. He was content to drink himself into oblivion. Maybe find a gay bar. Maybe fuck someone way below his standards.

"Hey," a voice next to him greeted, "can I get you a drink?" He was at least fifteen years Eddie's senior. He was desperate, but not that desperate.

He declined politely, swiveling around in the chair to look in another direction.

There was a very small list of people from high school Eddie remembered the names of. None of them, had he even remotely considered, would be there.

Eddie had a spectacular penchant for being wrong, apparently, because he knew, clear as day, he was staring at Richie Tozier.

Richie had grown to be a gangly monster in high school. He rocketed up in Junior year, surpassing even Bill. *Bill Denbrough* , Eddie remembered sharply, something in his mind hissing at him. He was less gangly now with irritating muscle definition one got for working out.

He had a sharp jawline. Maybe that had come before, maybe it hadn't. Eddie had a hard time deciphering the past. High school rolled into this blurry haze that came and went. Richie's glasses were different. He had tortoiseshell frames with golden rims and they were sitting dangerously close to the edge of an elegantly sloped nose. He was wearing tight black jeans and a black button up, that wasn't very buttoned up. Eddie could see chest hair, curly and dark, even at the odd angle he was watching Richie talk to the woman.

It was jarring, sometimes.

To see someone you knew when you were a kid, when they were a kid, be so abruptly not a kid anymore.

Eddie took a giant gulp of wine, and decided to be chatty with the guy next to him, after all.

"Two please," a familiar voice was by his ear and Eddie's back went rigid. He swiveled a little further on his stool. He was now closer to the dreadfully uninteresting guy next to him, but that hardly mattered. "I'll take an old fashioned," Eddie glanced over at Richie's hand on the counter, two twenties under it. Of course Richie was already buying some girl a drink. Of course he was. "What are you drinking?" Richie's hand was on his waist, and Eddie *jumped* .

"Richie!" Eddie chastised, exposing what Richie already knew was true, that he knew it was him. He nearly toppled into poor David.

“Warn a guy,” he hissed out.

“But it was so much fun,” he glanced at Eddie’s glass, which was empty. And Eddie remembered the bartender was making the old fashioned, but was waiting for a second order. “He’ll have a sangria.” The bartender nodded, reaching under the counter.

“I can order for myself.”

“Tell me that’s not what you wanted?” Richie raised an eyebrow with a knowing smirk. Eddie huffed, because it was what he would have ordered if he didn’t feel like he had to keep up some sort of semblance of manliness. But he wouldn’t tell Richie that.

“So,” Richie used the opportunity to slip in closer to the bar, in between the stool Eddie was on and that of a woman on his other side. “As much fun as it was to watch you pretend I don’t exist-”

“I was not-”

“You’re still a terrible liar,” Richie grinned, thanking, and tipping the bartender when he returned. “C’mom-” he prodded at Eddie’s side. The smallest bit of vulnerability sunk into Richie’s expression. Eddie hadn’t really thought about how he’d feel about being ignored. “It’s been years, Eds.”

“Don’t call me that.” Eddie snapped on a weird, automatic response. “Ah, Jesus,” he rubbed at his eye. He was embarrassed and had no idea why. “It has been, Richie.”

“You don’t want to catch up?” Richie asked again, gently. Eddie felt this knot in the pit of his stomach. One that told him that if he said no, Richie would leave, and that would be it. “Not at all?”

“Would you believe me,” Eddie swallowed thickly, “if I told you I don’t remember it well at all?” And there dropped the bomb. Eddie didn’t think he was drunk enough to say hurtful, untruthful things. He was merely tipsy enough to admit hurtful, truthful ones. His memories of the man standing next to him were as hazy as windows on frosty mornings.

Richie downed half his drink. His hand, large, with small black hairs

on the knuckles, gripped it tightly. "I don't either." He admitted finally. He had probably spoken to Eddie hoping he had. Eddie nodded solemnly.

That was when it was supposed to break, the tension or whatever you wanted to call it. They were supposed to laugh and Eddie would call Richie an idiot over something or other. They might dance, even, because it was a dark bar and a cold night. They didn't. Eddie drank the sangria and sat next to Richie, half leaned on the counter.

Richie set a finished glass on the counter with a surprising thud. Eddie looked up at him. Richie was looking in between his eyes and he licked his lips and said "do you want to get out of here?"

Eddie downed the rest of his glass, "yea."

Eddie Kaspbrak thought that there was no bigger scam on the planet than being a 20-something. The marketing for it, in media, in stories told by old people, was frankly fantastic. He was pretty sure he was supposed to have a glamorous life with cosmopolitans and a 12th floor flat in Manhattan. He was supposed to have a quirky awkward romance flourishing with a boy from his office. He was supposed to have a group of friends that sort-of hated each other but wouldn't dream of separating, especially after long nights out at exclusive clubs in the city.

He got laying on Richie Tozier's parent's filthy roof with the man himself.

Eddie was wrapped up in the should have beens. It should have been easier, or more comfortable, or something. He had this nervous humming energy in his chest. He always had it when he was in Derry. He thought Richie had the same problem, because he pulled out a joint. Or maybe he rolled one. Eddie didn't think he was paying enough attention.

"Okay?" Richie sat up, fishing for a lighter in his pocket.

Eddie simply held out his hand for it, waiting for Richie to light it.

He took a slow drag, enjoying the burn in his throat. He coughed a little bit as he handed it over. Richie did the same. No coughing.

Of course not.

When Richie passed it back, their fingers brushed. Eddie looked over, and realized Richie was watching his face. He kept the eye contact as he positioned the blunt in his fingers. Richie didn't have cheap taste in weed. Eddie wondered how he afforded it, if he was living with his parents. "What are you doing here, Rich?" Eddie asked finally.

"My mom died." Richie said as casually as he would say something about the weather. "I came home to help Dad tie up some loose ends. Punchy ol' cunt got too fucked up and drove home from the bar." He took the blunt back from Eddie, laying down on the roof. Eddie sat fully up. "I don't know. We haven't been close since I moved out." He took a long drag. "And she was kind of a bitch," he blew out smoke through his nose. "But I don't know how to deal with the fact she's gone."

"I, uh," Eddie cleared his throat. "Yeah," he nodded. "I know how that feels. I'm sorry." He rest his fingers on Richie's elbow. His arm was folded on his stomach.

Richie glanced up with surprise. He had just remembered Eddie's dad had died when he was young. Eddie could tell the soft recognition sitting at the corner of his eyelashes.

"Eddie, I-" Eddie hated the *your dad is dead* talk. He hated it more than several of his other greatly hated talks, such as *you don't have asthma: the talk*. Eddie didn't want to have it, not on the roof in the cold night. They climbed out there through Richie's window, like they did as teenagers. Eddie's fingers were starting to twitch.

"I got a job out in Dexter." Eddie spoke, changing gears. "It's weird to be so close to Derry. I don't know what I was thinking, going to that party. I just kind of felt like-"

"You had to?" Richie blew out more smoke with a knowing nod. Eddie could only nod in response. Richie offered him the blunt.

It was a long while after that they smoked and said nothing. Eddie listened to the wind rustle the leaves, and tried not to miss the noisy traffic sounds of New York.

“Have you spoken to any of them?” Eddie asked carefully after a long moment.

“Nope,” Richie popped the p. “Not even-”

“Bill.” Eddie finished for him. Richie’s best friend in high-school. Eddie would have been kidding himself if he thought it was him.

For the first time that evening, an angry expression crossed Richie’s face. Not anger exactly, but a pot stirred with irritation and confusion and loss. Eddie wanted to ask what was wrong, but didn’t want to poke at any anger, especially if he caused it.

“I forgot his name.” Richie clarified his own look. He took the blunt back from where it was in Eddie’s fingers.

Another long pause.

Eddie felt the weed finally hit his mind. Things were slower, more easy up there. More simple. But it couldn't compete with his heart, which was still rocketing in his chest. His finger tips tingled. He inhaled slowly, nothing but crisp air filling his lungs, stinging at his nostrils. The night air nipped at his cheek, at his exposed ankles.

“This town is fucking weird.”

"It's gotten big, have you noticed?" Eddie added plainly. Richie looked at him skeptically. Eddie rolled his eyes. "I mean, for Maine. It's...it's a pretty big town now."

“Almost as big as my dick.”

“So,” Eddie, high and giggly, held up a thumb, “about this big, yea?”

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strange, because that didn't seem like something Richie had had the capability to do in the past. Richie kept his eyes on Eddie, half-lidded, amused, and took another slow drag of the blunt.

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Eddie decided he definitely was not high enough for this much sexual tension. He wanted to tell himself that he didn't know what Richie was implying, but he did. He wanted to tell himself he wasn't interested, but he was. He could have told himself several lies if he wanted to.

Richie had been making jokes about his dick since... Eddie didn't even know how long. He normally got rebuked in some sort of clever comeback. But he never seemed insecure about his dick either. He just laughed with good nature. He could take it the way he could dish it out.

And Eddie was curious, now, after learning so astutely in college that he was interested in dick. He glanced down at Richie's feet. Feet, sure, weren't a tell tale sign, but they were an indication. Richie was wearing dress shoes, on, what Eddie noticed, were massive feet. Much bigger than Eddie's. Easily a size thirteen.

When he looked back to Richie, he was watching Eddie. Even worse, he looked smug about it.

"What," he realized his blunt was out, offering the remaining drag to Eddie. Eddie felt too caught to even accept it. "You want to see it?" He asked with a smirk.

Kind-of, Eddie thought. And realized, with abject horror, that he said that out-loud when Richie laughed. Richie's laugh was low, dark, and he kept his eyes on Eddie. With slow tension, he unfastened his belt.

Eddie groped around in the recesses of his mind for a joke to make. "You're not queer," was what fell out. It was more surprised and honest and less of a joke than Eddie wanted it to be. His belt was hanging open now. He dropped his hands behind his head. Opening up the opportunity. Offering Eddie the chance to pull it out on a

golden platter.

“That would come as a surprise to a couple of guys I know.” Richie replied evenly. “I take it that you are-”

“Oh, fuck off, Richie.” Eddie bit back irritably. “You’ve always known.” And it was true. He did. Richie frowned. He considered that. It wasn’t something he thought of, or at least, recently. Maybe he had thought about it before. He had no idea. He shrugged, and made to undo his own zipper.

“Richie!!” Eddie spluttered. He sounded flustered. He felt flustered. Eddie covered his zipper with his hands, eyes darting around in the night. “We’re in *public*.” Eddie didn’t know why, but he felt young. Immature. In college he practically flossed with dick. He had no idea why he was freaking out about one. He could make an argument about it being Richie - but that didn’t feel right. He thought it had something to do with the town. But that sounded crazy. He’d never say that out loud.

“If someone is watching us up here on my roof, we’ve got bigger problems than my dick.” Speaking of dicks, specifically Richie’s, Eddie’s hands weren’t necessarily on it, but they were over top of it. He jolted, jumping back into his spot. Richie laughed obnoxiously loud.

“Beep beep, Richie.” Eddie furiously tried to set himself back into place, feeling flustered for no apparent reason. There was nothing to put back, he barely moved.

“I didn’t say anything!”

“Beep motherfucking beep,” Eddie countered grumpily. He wasn’t sure where to look, so he settled for fiddling with his fingernails in his lap.

“I- just.” Richie watched him. He was clearly deciding something in his mind. Eddie felt his eyes burning a hole in his cheek, and he squirmed under the intensity of it. He didn’t know what he was supposed to be. Richie sat back, seeming satisfied with what he found, “okay.”

“What?”

“No, it’s nothing.” Richie settled back where he was before. “Just thinking.”

Eddie realized they were entering round one of an overly complicated and frustrating game. He also realized that neither of them would particularly win by playing it, so he was going to end it now. No matter what being in fucking Derry did to his mind, he wasn't a child anymore. He wasn't closeted anymore. And he wasn't embarrassed. And he could tell himself what he wanted. Eddie sat up with an irritated huff. He shuffled back across the roof more carefully than he would have liked. He slipped in through Richie’s window. Richie kept his eyes on the stars above him. Or, the best he could see them. It was a somewhat cloudy night.

“Well?” Eddie’s head, haloed in light, appeared in the window. His palms were pressed on the pane. His hair was ruffled.

“Well, what?” Richie sat up, and was genuinely confused.

Eddie squinted.

“We gonna have sex, or what?”

“You want to?”

Eddie sent him the flattest look Richie had ever seen “No, Richie,” his voice oozed with sarcasm. “I want to play chess.” He rolled his eyes, and turned away from the window.

In his frenzied effort to get inside, Richie nearly fell off the roof.

When Richie put his feet down, and maneuvered his way into his childhood bedroom, Eddie was pacing. Richie could laugh. The guy had enough nervous energy to light up an entire city.

“I’m sorry, I wasn’t prepared for this tonight-”

“I don’t think either of us were-”

"I just have some things to do before I feel like we can do this--"

"We don't have to do it tonight."

"Oh, no. We're doing this tonight." Eddie told him firmly. He began fidgeting again. He was making Richie nervous, just watching him. He opened the door to Richie's bathroom, stepped in, and immediately turned back around.

He almost crashed straight into Richie.

Richie caught him by his wrists, and smirked. "Hey, hey-" Richie soothed, running his thumb in tight circles on the slim wrists, "calm down there, Energizer Bunny-" he leaned down to kiss Eddie, who all but sprung backwards.

"TEETHBRUSH, FIRST." Eddie commanded, tripping over himself as he went back into the bathroom. Richie didn't know where to start. That toothbrush wasn't a word seemed like a good place. But that was a younger piece of Richie calling to him. Some piece of him that only seemed to come out in Derry, that was gnawing and thrashing at the back of his mind.

He sat down on the corner of his bed, thinking about it.

"Do you have any poppers?" Eddie's face peered out of the bathroom.

"Poppers?" Richie asked incredulously, "Fuck, Eddie. How gay do you think I am?"

Something, and Richie had no idea what, because there was nothing in that bathroom, clattered to the floor.

"Eds-?" Richie asked tentatively while Eddie cried out in frustration.

"FUCK IT," Eddie came whipping out of the bathroom. "WE'RE GOING TO MINE." He commanded, looking furious for no apparent reason. Richie laughed, but stood up. Eddie picked up his coat, and his keys fell to the floor. Eddie made a hilarious huffing, growling sound as if his keys being on the floor were the inconvenience of the century. Richie went to get them, but Eddie snatched them up first.

“Ready?” Eddie asked, buttoning up his coat quickly. Or, as quickly as he could. His hands were shaking so badly that he couldn’t get a button through one of the loops.

“Give me your keys,” Richie sounded firm but soft. He stretched out his fingers. “I’m driving.”

“I’m not drunk.” Eddie spit back. He still hadn’t managed to get the button through.

Richie reached out and grabbed his fingers, curling over them with his own. He tugged Eddie to him, against his chest. With his other hand, he untangled the keys from Eddie’s fingers. “That’s not why,” Richie explained softly. He pressed a kiss right into Eddie’s hairline. “Let’s go.”

Eddie had disappeared for twenty minutes when they got to his place. Richie could laugh. He had had girls do that to him. Never men. He sat on the couch of the nice little one bedroom. It was crazy how big Maine apartments were compared to the ones in California. It was neat, for the most parts. There were various little piles of things spread around. He couldn’t remember exactly, but it seemed like Eddie.

Richie found a small knick-knack on the coffee table. It was a small ceramic turtle. It seemed ironic, but he didn’t know why. He fiddled with it, because he needed something to do with his hands.

It was slowly drawn out of his hands by smaller, softer ones, and he heard it return to the table with a small clank.

Eddie was standing in front of him wearing an over-sized grey hoodie and no pants. Richie blinked with surprise, moving to stand up. But Eddie pressed a small hand into his chest, and straddled him. Richie’s heart rate picked up, and he could only blink.

Eddie’s hands were still covered by his hoodie when they came up to grab his face. He leaned in to kiss him.

Richie recoiled, almost automatically. “I, uh,” he laughed nervously,

“didn’t brush my teeth.”

Eddie gave him a skeptical look, “I don’t give a shit.” He kissed him then, arching into him and licking his mouth open.

Richie’s hands came up with surprise, but the only real place for them to be were on Eddie’s thighs. He grabbed them, delighting in the soft flesh. Richie tried to remember as they kissed if they had before. Eddie bit his lip, dragging it back a little bit, before leaning in to kiss even more feverishly. It seemed like they had before. Kissing Eddie felt like something he knew how to do. Kissing Eddie felt like coming home.

Eddie grinded down into him, and Richie let his head fall back into the couch with a soft moan. Eddie ran his hands through his hair, softly scraping against his scalp, pushing his hair back. He kissed against Richie’s neck, under his ear. He licked a tantalizingly slow circle in the soft skin while grinding down with purpose. Richie gripped his thighs tightly, knowing he’d leave little nail marks.

“F-fuck, Eddie.” Richie didn’t know, honestly, what he was expecting. It wasn’t this. It wasn’t Eddie grinding into him and biting his neck and Richie feeling like he just needed to hold on for dear life.

Eddie kissed a line up his throat, to his his ear. He bit down softly on the lobe and whispered, “*bed, Rich. Take me to bed .*” And Richie was never really good with following instructions, but that he could do. He hiked Eddie up, under his thighs, said a prayer that he was both as strong as he thought, and Eddie was as light as he thought he must be, and stood up.

Eddie’s legs hooked around his back when he was sturdy. Eddie seemed really intent on kissing him, which at any other time would have been fucking fantastic but Richie was getting painfully hard and had no idea which room was supposed to be Eddie’s bedroom. Dear God, what if he had a roommate? Richie hadn’t even considered that a possibility- wasn’t even really considering it one now while Eddie acquainted their tongues.

Richie saw one door open at the edge of a small hallway and prayed that was their destination, powering through the hallway.

He did something just in between gently placing Eddie on blue bedsheets and throwing him down and collapsing on top of him. If Richie weren't so painfully hard, he could have kissed Eddie for hours. Hours. Their mouths slipped together effortlessly, Richie's exhaustion pinning them both into the sheets. Eddie's fingers curled in his hair, and Richie nearly rut into the bed.

He pushed up, breathless, one hand by Eddie's side.

"Alright there, Richie?" He asked with faux-innocence. He was flushed, pink tint on freckled cheeks, sweatshirt riding up half way up his stomach. Richie rested in between his legs, catching his breath.

Richie answered non-verbally, kissing next to Eddie's belly button. He licked a line down to the start of his briefs. He kissed along the waistband. Eddie grabbed at his hair and stifled a moan. Richie yanked them down quickly. He kissed Eddie's cock gently. Then he bit into his hipbone next to it. He licked a long line up the center, before taking the entire thing in his mouth. It wasn't difficult. It was salty, but not heavy in his mouth.

Eddie arched back, "f-fuck," he muttered, grabbing at the sheets. Richie sucked his cock, wrapping his tongue around the tender flesh. His mouth seemed insistent on generating more saliva than was strictly necessary. Richie swallowed some of it out of necessity. Eddie's hands tugged on his hair. Richie pushed his own hands on Eddie's hipbones, thumbs resting in the hollows.

Eddie's hands dropped from his hair to the collar of his shirt, and dragged him up with more strength than Richie would have thought. He almost fell forwards on to Eddie. Eddie didn't seem to care, and was more focused on ripping Richie's shirt off by any means necessary. When successful, Eddie pulled Richie by his neck down to kiss him, arching his body up into his. He grinded into Richie. He kissed him hard, dirty, and slick. He wrapped his arms around Richie's neck, grinding his cock into Richie's clothed one.

Richie's breath caught in his throat and his hands shook. He struggled to even stay upright, keep from collapsing on Eddie. He kissed Eddie's jaw, bit just under his neck. Which, apparently, not occupying Eddie's mouth was a mistake.

"Gonna fuck me, Richie?" He asked with a high-pitch, breathy voice. Richie stopped moving his hips with Eddie's, feeling the sweat break out on his back. He panted against Eddie's neck, no longer able to kiss it. Eddie just grinded up into Richie harder. "C'mon, Rich-" his voice drawled, somewhere in between a whisper and a murmur. Richie pushed his face further into Eddie's neck, "you want your cock in me, yeah?" Eddie's legs looped around his waist again, forcibly tugging him down. Richie moaned. "I can take it. Fuck me. I'll take your cock so fucking nicely." Richie's hips jerked forward at that. Eddie took it upon himself to un-do Richie's belt. His fingers were deft, and even at the awkward angle, made quick work of the zipper. Richie resumed kissing Eddie's neck, albeit slowly. He sucked a piece of the tender skin into his mouth, feeling a little bit high school as he did so, but Eddie's breathy whine of a reaction was too much for him not to keep going.

Richie finally sat back on his legs to help Eddie. He shoved his pants and boxer briefs over his hips. His cock, already hard, flopped out, smacking against Eddie's thigh. He didn't even want to take his pants fully off, he was so ready. He leaned down to kiss Eddie, who he realized wasn't look at his face, but was looking at his dick.

"Nuh-uh" Eddie evaded, jerking his face to the side. "Nope. No way I'm taking that like this," He pushed at Richie's chest. Not hard enough to actually move him, but enough Richie got the point. He flipped over, pressing his back into the pillows and partially the headboard. "I'm gonna ride you," Eddie explained as he pulled off Richie's pants the rest of the way.

Richie moaned, fisting his own dick, at Eddie's words. Eddie grabbed a little bottle from his nightstand, coating his fingers with it.

"That okay with you?" Eddie asked devilishly, even though he blatantly knew the answer. He batted away Richie's hand from his dick, grabbing it with his own. He sucked the tip into his mouth, and Richie moaned. He ran his fingers through Eddie's hair, enjoying the tight, wet heat of his mouth. He used his hands to cover the rest with lube liberally. Eddie tongued at the slit, and Richie gripped his hair furiously.

"Eddie, stop. I-"

“Stop what?” Eddie sat back, still jerking his cock with one hand. “You just want to stop for tonight?” Oh, that was not what Richie meant and the little son of a bitch knew it, if his innocent little smirk said anything about it. Richie pushed up on the bed, re-angling his back against the head board.

Eddie dipped his fingers back into the little bottle, reaching behind himself, undoubtedly, to coat his own ass. “I thought I was gonna get fucked,” he said with a small shrug. “But I’ve got toys, if you’re not interested anymore.” He leaned down, fingers in his own ass, and kissed the head of Richie’s extremely hard, red, cock. “Did you want me to ride this?” He asked, placing a kittenish lick on the tip.

Richie’s hands fisted in the sheets, “not funny, Eds-”

“Not what I asked, Rich.” He shuffled forward, sitting on Richie’s abdomen just in front of the cock. Richie’s cock slipped in between his cheeks. “Did you want to fuck m-”

Richie grabbed Eddie’s face, yanking him down into a searing kiss. Eddie kissed back, and Richie could feel the grin on his lips. He sat up on his knees, arching back. Richie could feel Eddie’s small fingers grabbing his cock, angling him in properly. Richie fell back against the headboard. He watched Eddie’s face, a combination of concentration and determination with a little bit of ecstasy, resulting in his mouth falling open in a little round ‘o.’ The tip slipped in, and fuck- fuck. Eddie was so fucking tight and hot that Richie was having a hard time registering anything else. He tugged Eddie down to kiss him again, but Eddie arched out of it quickly, sinking further on his cock. He let his forehead fall into Richie’s. Both had ragged, uneven breathing at unsynchronized times. Eddie wiggled around a little bit, half way on Richie’s cock, clearly adjusting to it in his ass. He wasn’t interested in being kissed, so Richie pushed his face up, and nuzzled his nose on Eddie’s. He kissed Eddie’s nose gently.

Eddie looked up, his expression some mix of irritation in his cheeks, and amusement on his mouth, and soft fondness in his eyes.

And then he sat, fully, the rest of the way down, on Richie.

Richie howled, dropping his hands from Eddie’s face, body arching

up. His head pressed back against the headboard.

"Oh, *fuck*." Richie swore loudly as Eddie created this smooth motion, slipping forward and falling back on Richie's dick. His hands came up uselessly to hold at Eddie's side, slipping under the hoodie.

"Yea?" Eddie asked, bracing his own hands on Richie's shoulders, "you like that, Richie?" He snapped his ass backwards, bouncing on to his dick. Richie was not in a state to answer, mouth falling open. He could barely breathe as he watched Eddie. He knew his angles beautifully, bouncing as his head tipped backwards. Richie gripped so hard at his waist he thought he might leave bruises, focusing all of his energy on not cumming embarrassingly quickly. Eddie fell into Richie, slowing his movements slightly, wrapping his arms around his neck, and kissed him. The kiss was their slowest, but somehow felt filthy. Eddie did small, wave like movements with his hips, Richie's dick deep in his ass. Richie felt his face get so heated, running his hands along the back of Eddie' to grab at his ass. He spread his cheeks a little wider, kneading at them with his knuckles. Eddie moaned into his mouth.

He separated their lips, pressing his forehead into Richie's. The hair was itchy on Richie's face but he didn't care, because Eddie resumed bouncing. His cock bounced in between them, hard and red. Richie grabbed it, fisting it for Eddie. It was a little off, because it was dry, but it was about all Richie could manage to do at the moment. He knew he wasn't going to be able to keep up with Eddie. He was already overwhelmed, in between the hot bouncing and the warm kisses and the soft scent of vanilla in Eddie's hair.

"Fuck-" He groaned, pumping Eddie's dick harder, "fuck, Eddie- stop, I'm gonna cum." He used his spare hand to push at Eddie's abdomen as a warning.

"Gonna cum?" Eddie asked. Richie looked up at the man above him. Eddie had a devilish hint in his eye. "Gonna cum for me?" He, if even possible, moved quicker, bouncing more furiously. Richie gripped so tightly at his hip, feeling himself lose it to Eddie. "Yea, Richie?"

"Eds, fuck- I..."

Eddie bared down hard, pulling up slow and clenching the entire way, "don't call me Eds." He told him with a smug smirk.

Richie came with a cry, holding Eddie still as he fucked up into him. Eddie grabbed his own dick, riding Richie through the orgasm. Richie knew he was being watched and didn't care. His head was hot with sweat and he fell back into the pillows. He slipped out of Eddie quickly. Eddie's eyes turned ever-darker, more lustful, and he pumped his cock quicker. He shoved Richie down by the shoulder so he was laying in the pillows. He, somewhat awkwardly, wiggled up to sit on Richie's chest. Eddie was close, Richie could tell, from the twitching of his legs. He looked down at the dick, that was now very much in his face, and got where the entire thing was going. He looked up to Eddie, somewhat amused, coming down from his own orgasm. Cheekily and with a little grin, Richie stuck out his tongue.

Most of Eddie's cum ended up on his glasses anyway.

Five minutes, and a solid use of a cum towel later, Eddie was standing by his vanity. He traded out the hoodie, now impossibly sweaty, for a pink henley shirt and pair of grey briefs. He spritzed himself with something, Richie had no idea what. Richie laid back in his pillows, amused, as he watched him. Richie wasn't sure what to do now. If it were anyone else, he'd leave. But it was Eddie, and it was Dexter now, not Derry. And he got the feeling Eddie was a cuddler. It was just a hunch.

Also, Richie really wanted to do that again sometime, and didn't know how to establish that as a thing.

So he waited and he watched, until Eddie flipped around and looked at him with irritation, "what?"

Richie shrugged, giddy smile, half sex, half weed, on his face. "Nothing."

And then the smile was on Eddie's, and he climbed on Richie with a slow, laziness.

"Hi," He greeted sweetly, just above Richie's face.

"Hi," Richie replied, and leaned up to kiss him, drawing him down to lay on top of him.

"Man," Eddie broke the kiss, laying his head down on Richie's chest, "I wanted to do that for forever. I think." He said with uncertainty. Richie ran his fingers through the short hairs behind Eddie's ears.

"What? See my dick, or cum on my glasses?"

"Both."

Richie laughed, then. There was a feeling he had since arriving in Maine. It was a tense ache in his chest that wouldn't quit. Laying there in Eddie's bed, it slowly melted out of him. It was replaced with a warm, buzzed feeling. It tingled in the corners of his skin, whirled around near his heart. He could only describe it as the sudden realization that everything was going to be okay.

Richie kissed his forehead, "I had my suspicions."

Then Eddie laughed, too.

Author's Note:

hey there demons, its me, ya boi.
some smut for ya, bc, u know. its the lord's day.

okay this ~begins~ a new series because 1. reunited reddie is not enough of a #concept here and 2. im getting bored with everytime i write smut having to explain the situation where they have come to the fucking level. so . pre-established fucking series with maybe a little bit of plot? but probably barely any. ajdfkl im fake ANYWAYS

as always, i REALLY appreciate any and all feedback. it makes me write so much faster ? i s2g ive never written like this before in my liife. im also taking requests for future installments of this series. my tumblr is tossertozier if you want to hang out there i also do sfw content sometimes where we just chat and its all silly and good. love y'all!!